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Judge

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BOURBON BOYCOTT!

Governor Gordon, in the *Atlanta Constitution*, threatens the North with boycott.

OLD BOURBON SPIRIT—"If you pass that Honest Elections Bill, sah, by the great Jeff Davis, we'll boycott you, sah!"

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor*.

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THERE ARE many flies on this weather.

* * *

TO MEN who want to be president — Don't shoot off your gun till you get the powder in it.

* * *

IT IS SAFE to say anything against Mrs. Astor, because, you know, you mean the other Mrs. Astor.

* * *

JEALOUS JIM is a good boy. If we were J. J. we should be jealous of the rights of American seal-fishers too.

* * *

PRINCE GEORGE is not a syndicate. He doesn't want to buy the United States of America—he just wants to look at it.

* * *

GENERALLY the Atlanta *Constitution* is a good paper; but there are times when it staggers around as if it had lost its head.

* * *

"THERE IS NOTHING," says the *Sun*, "that will bring Democrats together like Democracy." That is so; and they generally take it with no sugar in it.

* * *

THE EDITOR of the *Evening Post* is so strictly just that, bearing in mind the collateral evidence, he would hang a man for murder if he didn't part his defense in the middle.

* * *

THE BOYCOTT potato was taken up with frantic haste and dropped with frightful velocity, and now the hysterical southern editor is dancing wildly and blowing through his fingers.

* * *

A SEA-BATH taken by the president gave a daily paper material for two solid columns. If the president should go into the sea every morning for a week the paper would be totally swamped.

* * *

THE KING of DAHOMEY promises not to take France if France will kindly consent not to take Dahomey. That is so manifestly undiplomatic and fair that of course the French cannot think of it for a moment.

* * *

FOR TWENTY-EIGHT millions in money the Louisiana lottery company returns fourteen millions in prizes, with the usual heavy discounts. Is it possible that even persons of feeble intellect will continue to buck against that bank?

* * *

IN A RECENT speech Mr. Damit Voorhees of Indiana quoted:

"Judge ye if hell, though it may damn,
Can add a curse to what I am."

It would be quite superfluous, Damit — quite superfluous.

* * *

THERE IS TALK of permitting the duke of Orleans to join the French army. It will be remembered that little Napoleon went to Zululand with the English and got killed there; but the duke, we think, would prefer to have a few Germans driven before him occasionally, that he might practice on them with his little gun. That would be less fatiguing and more safe.

* * *

WE DON'T SEE how the editor of the New York *Commercial* can say of his own knowledge that there is "nothing in the JUDGE to interest a soul." He sold his soul for a quarter of a dollar years ago, and when it was thrown away by the purchaser he didn't have the six-horse power magnifying-glass necessary to find it and put it back in the pore which had unconsciously harbored it.

GIVE US ALECK.

THE ENGLISH PRESS pays high compliment to Mr. Blaine for his part of the Behring-sea correspondence; and adds that the question is too small to lead to war, but if there is a failure to reach satisfactory terms the kaiser would be a good arbitrator. That is good, solid sense; but it occurs to us that Aleck of Russia would arbitrate more disinterestedly.

OUR GOLDEN-ROD.

RETURNS from the back counties show that the golden-rod has been chosen the state flower. It will be remembered that we expressed our preference for the golden-rod a number of years ago, and condemned the rose, its chief competitor, in no stinted terms. Formerly the rose was respectable enough, but latterly it has been noted chiefly as a receptacle for green bugs, the which it has accommodated to the satiety of a tenement-house in its relations with the more reprehensible classes of humanity. Out upon that mugwump flower, the once tolerable but now wholly degenerated rose!

SOMETHING IMMINENT.

MCHAGGAN (*indignantly*)—"Foorst it's movin' th' sign t' wan ind o' th' ditch, an' thin it's movin' it t' th' other, all th' blissid day!"

BOYS BOYS!

THE BOYCOTT threatened by various portions of the south in connection with the Lodge bill seems juvenile. The gush of southern indignation attending the threat reminds one of the blazing rhetoric of the southern press just previous to the collapse of the rebellion. The south does not favor the boycotting—it is the politicians who do, as it was the politicians who inaugurated the rebellion. The south wants to devote itself to business and let politics alone as far as that is possible. It sees nothing more in the Lodge bill than a desire to right wrongs that it knows exist; and it sees further that the north can do without it better than it can do without the north. It wants northern money and northern sympathy; and so far as southern progress is concerned it knows that boycotting would be as bad policy, so far as business is concerned, as secession was. Won't the southern politicians leave the business of the south alone? They got it into one very bad scrape, and it ought to be impossible to get it into another.

GIVE THE JOKE AND TAKE IT.

THE RIGHT of caricature is as undisputed as the right to sleep. No great man who is worthy of that kind of attention ever objected to it, however it might hurt him personally or from a political point of view — indeed, all great men enjoy it and consider it the compliment it undoubtedly is. Some races object to it; but there was never an American, north or south, so far as we have heard, who ever did. Artist and writer are most pleased when, with pen or pencil, an opponent gets the best of them. We observe that Mr. William H. Ballou proposes to show that the president of these states shouldn't be caricatured. What foolishness that is! He is the man most fit for that amusement, because he is the most conspicuous man. Probably he enjoys it as much as other men do. Is there sharpness in a cartoon? Very well; so much the better for the picture, and the object of it is supposed to have got out of his long clothes, and perhaps to be absolutely weaned.

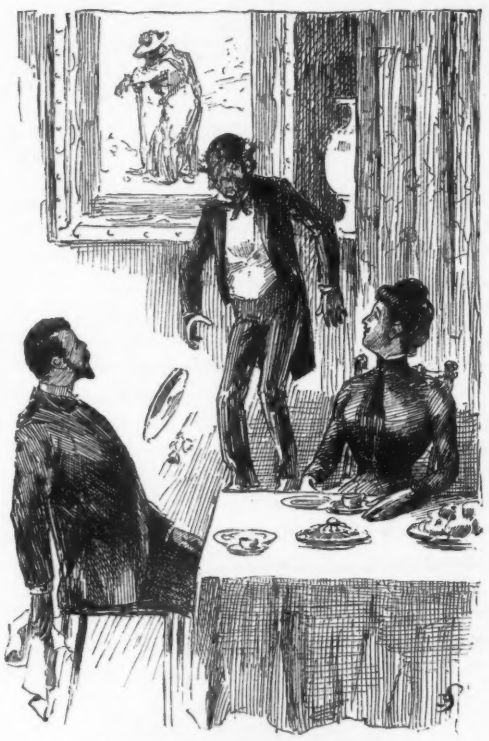
THE FARM-HOUSE PORCH.

SILUS used to sidle up
Close to Katy when the sun
Dropped into the purple west.
When the dairy work was done,
When we'd had our evening sup,
When the fowls had gone to rest,
Then the sparking-time begun.
Silus talked about the hay,
Katy hoped the clover crop
Would be safely put away
'Fore the rain began to drop.
Fire-flies they flitted round,
Stars they twinkled in the sky—
Silus knows he's gaining ground,
Katy isn't half so shy.

Pop he leans against the sill,
Nods to Silus, says, "No how
He don't see how natur' will
Spile the corn that's growin' now."

Katy leans against the vines
Where the morning-glories droop,
Silus talks in lovers' pines
Out there on the farm-house stoop.
Silus touches Katy's hand,
Katy's eyes are shining bright—
Silus knows "the lay of land"
As he softly says "Good-night."

H. S. KELLER.



AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

MR. DERWENTWATER (*who has made an art purchase*)—"I've a surprise for you, Helen. One of the real old masters will come to-night."

BRUCE THE WAITER (*an ex-slave*)—"W-w-whar'll I hide, boss?"

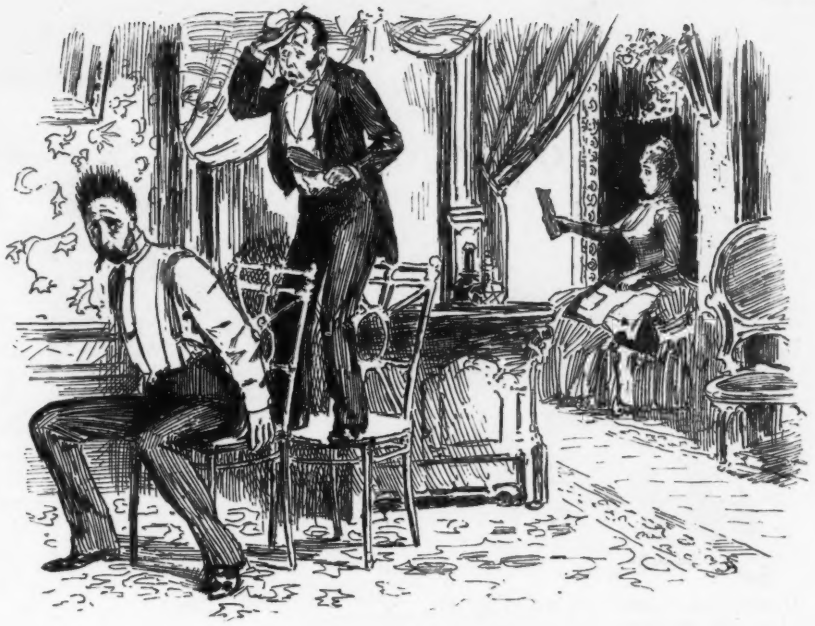
THE SYRACUSE *Journal* chides Congressman Belden for his recent card and says he has no business to advise or dictate to his brother members of congress. That's right. There must be no meddling with a monopoly that belongs solely to the daily newspaper.

* * *

THE STRIKE of the farm hands in the locality of Allentown, Pa., because a farmer's wife put on men's clothes and ran a reaper, does not show where the line should be drawn. The woman has unsexed herself, and, good gracious! so have the men. It is a masculine growl from the female and a feeble feminine whine from the other sex.

* * *

IT IS SUPERFLUOUS to say that the prohibitionists of Pennsylvania will support Pattison. It is the first idea of the party of prohibition to kill the Republican organization. It is not consistent with the party's professions, but the absurdity is not greater than the ambition of the rather smaller mosquito to destroy the universal elephant.



A USELESS TASK.

GONESON'S VALET—"I can't seem to make your hair lie down this morning, sir."

GONESON—"No; you needn't try. Mrs. Goneson just insisted on sewing a button on my vest, and the bill for last night's wine-supper is in the outside pocket!"

THE GUILTY PERSON.

NOBODY must charge "Gail Hamilton" with the authorship of the X. M. C. article. Bright and shrewd as that article is, the lady would have had some phrases in it which would have been good enough for household words, if she had written it. She never escaped anything of that kind in anything she wrote. Of course, the JUDGE knows who wrote the article. It was not Mr. Gorham, because he was never known to be guilty of anything so willfully excellent. And we do not say that Speaker Reed wrote it. He might have written it, but he wouldn't have done it. There, however, is Madame Blavatsky, and there is Benjamin F. Butler.

THAT SOUTHERN BARBARISM.

JUDGE GRESHAM says it is beyond doubt within the power of congress to abolish the whole Louisiana lottery system. Well, the people outside of Louisiana should see to it in the selection of their senators and representatives that the system is abolished. Every state contributes large sums of money to the existence of this colossal organization for robbery. If the general government fails in its duty the legislatures of states can enact laws prohibiting dealing in lottery tickets, and so save to themselves the money which is sent out for the enrichment of the most avaricious and irresponsible body of thieves the country knows. The Louisiana lottery company has bought the state to which it belongs. Is it possible that with all its wealth it has money enough to buy the entire country?

IN THE FASHION.

CHORUS OF PUPS—"Hi, there, Fido! what are you doing with your head in a bird-cage? Are you catcher for a base-ball club?"

FIDO—"Not much. It's the latest style in New York."

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

MONSIEUR LENARDO—"I could keep zis up all ze night, monsieurs and madames."

Zipp!

THE SCENE-PAINTER—"Performance or no performance, I ain't goin' to be no human pin-cushion fer nobody!"

HUM OF THE COURT.

THE FREE-TRADE Democracy seem to be suffering from a sudden attack of "Jealous Jim"-jams.

WHAT THEY SAY along the coast—New Jersey was created first, and then Manhattan island was thought to be necessary as the finest winter resort.

"DO YOU KNOW of anybody who would decline to be president of the United States?" asks Doctor Depew. Hear, hear! or, as we spell it in America, Here, here!

THE "HUNT BREAKFASTS" given by Ward McAllister are attended with no bloodshed. Nothing is killed but a little time and some fractions of the English language.

KATE FIELD writes that song and sunshine fill her happy heart, "for love has come to stay." The name of the gentleman and the date of the occurrence are not given.

OF A HOT day, according to the composite advice of all the newspapers, you must do nothing except get away from the necessity of doing it. That may mean exertion, but you must get away from that.

A LADY SAYS she never barks her shins when she goes around in the dark to get something for the baby—she goes backward. It is a great invention, but we have a better one. To wit, strike a light.

WE ARE PAINED to observe that Squedunk and Squash Meadow are quarreling over their respective populations, and there is no hope of peace except through war or the destruction of Robert P. Porter.

A WRITER SAYS there is no city in the country in which as many deadly weapons are carried as Washington. Perhaps that accounts for the fact that there is less notorious crime in Washington than in any other city. In nine out of ten cases the man who carries a pistol will submit to a great deal of humiliation before he uses it, and when it goes off it frightens him half to death.

IT IS NOT right in the New York *Sun* to mention the Albany *Argus* as the dullest paper, for there is a good deal of ability in its editorial columns; but it is an absolute fact that the *Argus* keeps this verse at the head of its first page:

> The *Argus* is a thing of beauty,
> And a joy forever as well;
> 'Tis really quite a solemn duty
> To read it where'er you dwell.

Did the Lord ever before permit a newspaper poet to be so pathetic outside of the obituary department?

VICH I SAYS to myself, says I, hafter I 'ad the few vords vith Chauncey vich is in the court records, hif I hever 'as to meet the man again I shall 'ave to set me teeth on hedge an' loosen me corshets.—*V. Guelph.*

THE BACHELORS of Baden have bound themselves not to marry any girl who plays the piano. It is a poor man who can't stop piano-playing during the nights of his courtship, and after marriage the thing is certain to stop itself.

WE REALLY THINK that since the late war the United States has a right to refer to itself in the singular number. The editor who discusses the subject may put himself in the plural if he so desires; and he can even say "ourself" if he wants to have two combative syllables secede from each other with mutual indignation.

T. B. ALDRICH celebrated simultaneously his departure from Comedy and the *Atlantic Monthly*, but promised the former to drop in on his way down town. He will probably stay with both assiduously because of the separation. That is always the way with poets of his uncertain years. They must have their little farewells, like the singers of the stage.

A STUDENT IN AMALGAMATION.

MRS. NOBB (*of San Francisco*)—"You yellow rascal, you've been at the claret again!"
UN HUNG—"Takee allee same for clomplexion. Wantee get olange-color 'stead of yellow."

AN AIR OF KITTEREE.

At boarding-school these frisky maids
Drank in the draught that flows
From erudition's founty maze;
Equative problems, long essays
And hours linguistic filled the days
With studious repose.

And now at Kitteree's fair point
No change upon them grows.
A yacht has folded wing off shore;
The gallant sailors, ten or more,
Have ready spy-glasses galore—
The maidens?—they re-pose.

THE ONLY KIND SHE COULD GET.

"GIVE me a dollar's worth of stamps, please," said a lady to the clerk at the post-office.

"What denomination, madam?"

"Presbyterian, I suppose. That's what Mr. Wanamaker is, I believe."

STRAUSS PHILOSOPHIZES.

"DOWN went McGinty to the bottom of the sea," sang the newsboy as he came into the saloon. Strauss was bent over with his back to the door, drawing a glass of lager, and his vast proportions presented such an unusual appearance that Johnny thought it was some new kind of a flower-stand that Strauss had been putting in his bar for an ornament, and so he threw his bundle of papers and hat upon it, and they rolled off upon the floor as the German poet straightened up and said, "Y-a-a, dot vos an echo."

"Wot yer givin' us, Strauss?" said Johnny.

"Dot song vos yoost an echo, unt dot vos bopularity ain'd it. You seen a heafy fog already, Chonny, or a side off a lifery shtable on a pack streed, or an emdy parrel of sauer-kraut, unt you holler a leedle pit oud loud, unt der voice she comes pack on you; dot's an echo, Chonny, unt dot's bopularity mit a song or a pook or a pig speech. Der pooblic vos a solid fog-bank off echo, py crashus, und der ding of it is dot echo vill shpeel pack a brayer or a song, a reekviem or a gomic Powery two-for-fife-cents concert-saloon opera. By chimminy! id makes me shmile in mine shleeve ven I see somepody got sick pecause he lost his bopularity, allewile it vos only der fog got lifted unt der echo vos a leedle repair out of."

"Wot you want is a bass-drum and a red suit, Strauss," said Johnny.

"Nein," said the genial Dutchman; "I got not mooch ears for moosic."

"No; but you ought ter be in the salvation army if yer goin' ter preach in a saloon;" and he grabbed his papers and got through the door just ahead of a piece of bologna on which the varnish had commenced to crack in 1861.

A. T. WORDEN.

TRIUMPHANT OVER DEATH.

AN ISRAELITE, being refused admission to the realms of bliss, did not lose his commercial instincts through disappointment. He did a thriving business with those condemned to pass to the left by means of this alluring sign: "Misfit wings at half rates."

"TO THIS COMPLEXION"——

Gaggs (as Mrs. Lily White passes)—"Pretty good job of whitewashing, that."

Waggs (watching her immovable face)—"Whitewashing, man! She's lathed and plastered."

IN THE MORNING.

MR. CAZENOVE (*in at Kyfer's*)—"How it makes my blood leap and surge when I think of the deeds of daring those knights used to do. Oh, that I had an opportunity to emulate them!"

IN THE EVENING.

MRS. CAZENOVE—"For pity's sake, stand still, Enoch! How do you suppose I'm going to drape it if you keep fiddling around like that?"

THERE'S MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

WHENE'ER I walk abroad I find
There's music everywhere;
The mountain has a heavy base,
A sail can take the air;
Against the harbor-bar the swells
With dashing volume come;
The humming-bird flits gayly past—
I hear the kettle-drum.

The fisherman can castanet
And catch a score or so;
The hautboy cries, "With pain high C
The cornet by the crow;"
The grocer runs the scales and makes
Them weigh a pound full soon;
The bagpipes with a will, the staff
Can carry any tune.

The cobbler tries a measure,
Full forte lyres fill
Our ears with sound; the Jew's-harp too,
Accordion to their skill;
The sky has tone, the pines have pitch,
The sea the quay also;
And lovers, ere they reach the tie,
Are pianissimo.

'Tis thus, whene'er I walk abroad,
Such tuneful sights I see
As prompt to happy rhymes like these
That speak of melody.
The beach is sweet with hims, and soft
The belles salute the heir;
The ocean has a thousand sounds—
There's music everywhere.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

DELIBERATE PREPARATIONS.

MR. KIDLOTS—"Got a terrible slow horse?"
STABLE-KEEPER—"Well, yaas."
MR. KIDLOTS—"Reg'lar old procrastinator?"
STABLE-KEEPER—"Yaas."
MR. KIDLOTS—"Have him 'round to my hitchin'-post at ten o'clock to-night. One of my daughters is goin' to elope, an' I've got to make a show of ketchin' her."

HE HAD MASTERED HIS MEISTERSCHAFT.

"WHO was that gentleman I just saw you talking with so earnestly?"

"Oh, that was the exiled nihilist, Mr. At-choo-at-chow-at-chee-at-chiski!"

"Why, what a frightful cold you have!"

"Not at all; not at all. I was merely giving you the exact pronunciation of the gentleman's name. It's sneezy enough when you've learned how."

QUITE EXCUSABLE.

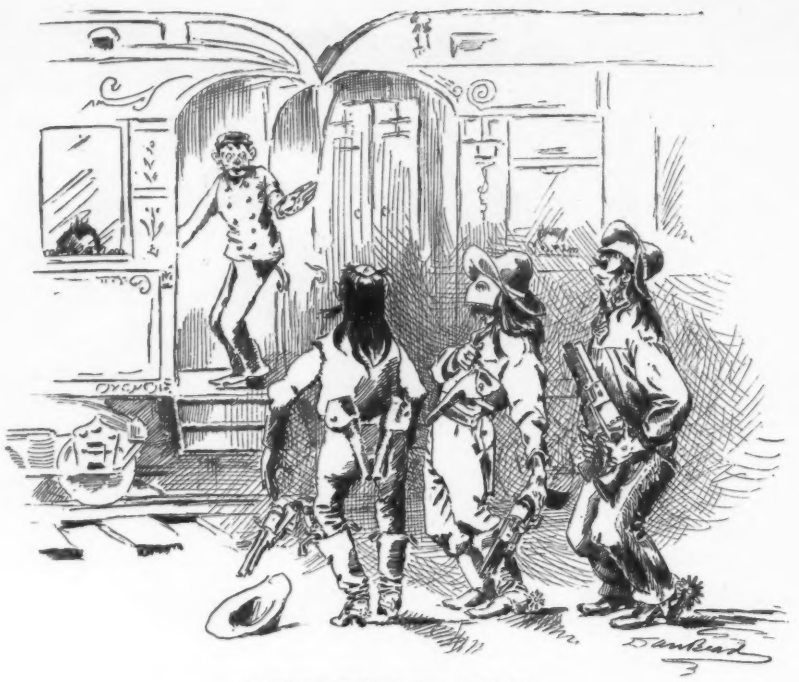
Pretty young lady (to middle-aged gentleman as she falls against him on rounding a curve on the "L")—"Excuse me, sir; I hope I didn't hurt you."

Middle-aged gentleman—"Not much! I shall only feel hurt if you don't do it again!"

A MATTER OF HABIT.

Mrs. Wrounder—"What do you mean, sir, coming home at this time in the morning?"

Tom Wrounder (jauntily)—"Ah, yesh; mornin' m' dear; hash you used Sayres'h pope?"



A SLIM FIELD TO WORK.

SUBSIDIZED CAR-PORTER—"'T ain't no use dis mawnin', gonnlemen."
PALPITATING DICK—"What's th' matter?"
CAR-PORTER—"On'y got two pahsengers, an' dey's bofe been bettin' on d' Dead Horse Gulch base-ball club."

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

GREATNESS can fail; what it cannot do is to compromise with littleness.

Let the winner of the prize remember that for the triumph of his *gloria* there is the cry of *dolorosa* from the defeated.

While one side of the citadel is most carefully guarded the other is surprised and entered by the foe.

What if a harvest fails us now and then? Time's granaries are not emptied of their seed nor the heavens of moisture.

In countries where greatness is not inherited like a cloak or a crown a man must do something to be something, and what he is will depend upon what he does.

Somewhere in the world every man's work awaits him; and until he has found this one thing, great or small, into which he can pour his individuality, his hand will be seeking and his soul unsatisfied.

Acclimatization is never successfully accomplished by some souls that migrate to this planet. Whatever their desires may be, they find themselves hopelessly out of touch with the world, and seem ever to be furtively pluming themselves to flit back into the country whence they came.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

A CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

DILLENBACK (*who has brought home a talking-doll*)—"I had the cylinder put in to order, as I thought something familiar would please Bessie."
THE DOLL—"Ducey av th' foort is no moor fit t' rippyresint th' conshtituints av th' ould war-rd than that —— —— Branigan we had last"——
DILLENBACK—"Howling dervishes! They've made a mistake and put in my caucus reporter!"

CAUGHT IRREVOCABLY.

DEACON ROBESON—"Is the rector at home, Mrs. Spoondyke?"

MRS. SPOONDYKE—"Yes; he went up garret more'n an hour ago to find some books, he said. You can go right up; he's always glad to see you."

REV. MR. SPOONDYKE—"That was a lolla! Got him right under the jugular that time. Come on, you sneak, and get another!"

THE JACQUEMINOT.

SHE tossed me a rose from the box where she sat
With the shadowy light on her face,
Under the brim of her plumèd hat
Smiling with girlish grace.

I sang to her—and her eyes met mine,
As she threw me the flower from her hair,
With a shy sweet look that was half divine,
Like the dew on the Jacqueminot rare.

But her aim was as bad as her eyes were sweet,
And it swayed from her slim, white hand,
And instead of fluttering to my feet
It fell on a man in the band.

A fat, bald man with a big bass-drum
And an Eiffel-red tinge to his nose,
And he smiled to himself as he saw it come—
My beautiful Jacqueminot rose!

She shrank back under the curtains dim
As he fastened it over his breast,
And out through the footlights I glared at him
With a scowl of fierce unrest.

But I calmed the heat of my bosom's strife
And I went to the box to see;
And I learned that she was the fat man's wife
And it hadn't been meant for me!

KATE MASTERSON.

UNREASONABLE.

A HARDENED bachelor thus replied to the criticisms of some friends who upbraided him for not taking a wife: "You certainly could not expect me to marry a woman who'd be foolish enough to have me!"

HER MODESTY.

I MET her on the crossing,
And, the bold wind blowing free,
Her ruffled skirts were tossing
Nearly half-way to her knee.

How she blushed with shame and terror,
Striving wildly to repair
With both hands the wind's mad error,
And I mutely wondered where

She this modesty had hidden
When cavorting by the sea:
All the world might gaze unchidden
From her ankle to her knee.

M. S. B.

A REMONSTRANCE BEFORE THE PARTY.

CLAUDIA NEELSON—"Come, sistah, is yo' ready?"

RHODY NEELSON—"Yo' liddle brack useless, yo', ef yo' doan' take dat ha'r down en 'range it some ways different, I pulls it down. I yain't gwine t' be took fer no twin."

UNDER THE EASTERN SPELL.

A DEVOTEE of Tolstoï who had been reading him aloud and was dying of the lockjaw ordered this appropriate inscription to be placed on his tombstone: "Died of a Russian spell, an exile in Siberia, at fifty degrees below czero."

HUMAN NATURE.

WHEN we would change misfortune's flings
Into an incubus
We trouble most about the things
That never trouble us.

NINETY DEGREES IN THE DARK.

Miss Timidde—"My gracious! I never heard anything so loud as that thunder."

Miss Cutting—"You evidently haven't heard Dolly Phastphace's new driving costume."

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

JUDGE—"Cease that wrangling! Redeem the pledges you made in 1888, or you will be justly charge

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

PARTY FOREWARNED!

tly charge with unfitness and incapacity to govern, and overwhelming defeat will be your portion in 1892!"

MR. CASPAR—"Ole Joe's gittin' mos' too d'crepid t' wuck, en ef dem chillern'll gub me a leedle sollertude, I'll done amuse 'm."

——"Wh-ho, dar, yo' ole rubbish! I ain' gwine fer t' huht yo'."

MY BEST GIRL.

FROM my love's lips no flattery springs,
To show how much she's caring;
She always says her sweetest things
When I am out of hearing.

A DESIRABLE SUMMER RESORT.

Gladys—"And this year we'll go together, girls. We'll make up a pleasant party; it doesn't matter much where we go"——

Several voices—"Oh, the *place* doesn't matter, if we can have mountains, surf-bathing, pine-woods, a lake, nice walks and drives."

Gladys (thoughtfully)—"Ye-es Let me see. There's Rockedge"—

Instant chorus—"Oh, NOT Rock edge!"

Gladys—"Well—the Catskills, perhaps"——

Chorus (as before)—"The Catskills? *Never!*"

Kitty (modestly)—"We went to Long island one summer"——

Maud—"You can't get anything to eat on Long island. It's too near New York. Now, the Adirondacks"—

Lucia—"Oh, *I* can't go to the Adirondacks, because—I can't!"

Kitty—"Poor Lou! Frank only gets off Saturdays. She won't go any where that Frank can't come."

Lucia (slyly)—"Would you?"

Gladys (firmly)—"Girls, we started in to have a *quiet* party. We can't do that unless we bar out the boys."

Chorus (with two exceptions)—"Bar out the boys? The *idea!!!*"

Dora (one of the exceptions)—"Men always make trouble."

Maud (the other)—"Oh, and I'm *tired* of them besides. I'd like a change."

Mabel—"Do you think I'd go anywhere that we couldn't have gentlemen? You ought to see my dresses, Miss Glad!"

Maud—"Mabel is so ridiculous about men!"

Mabel—"You mean the men are so ridiculous about me!"

Gladys—"Girls! girls! don't quarrel. What we wish to do is organize a nice harmonious party—and—er—well, each one had better state what she most desires in her summer vacation."

Mabel (promptly)—"Plenty of men."

Kitty—"Any pleasant place with nice surroundings—and—a few gentlemen wouldn't be amiss."

Lucia—"Good board, near the city, so that a—a—our friends could come out occasionally"——

Dora—"I want a river and a row-boat."

Maud—"I should desire an opportunity for complete repose—just to read and lounge about. A little good music, perhaps—vegetables, fruit"——

Gladys (triumphantly)—"Well, girls, I think I can meet all your views. We'll stay in New York and take a flat!"

M. S. B.

——"Yo' doan' stop dat mussin' 'roun', I'll lasserate yo' wiv a switch; da's whad I'll do!"

——"Now fer d' 'nouncement-card."

——"Massy saiks! I clean fo'got t' stripe h's tail."

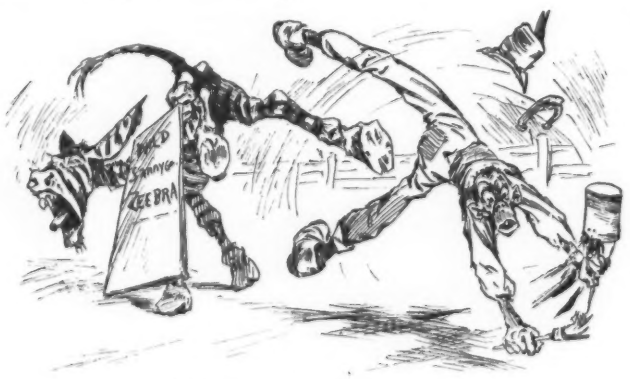
MY WIFE.

SHE PAINTS my meerschaums blue and gold
To decorate the wall,
And with my razor bright and keen
A lead-pencil doth maul.

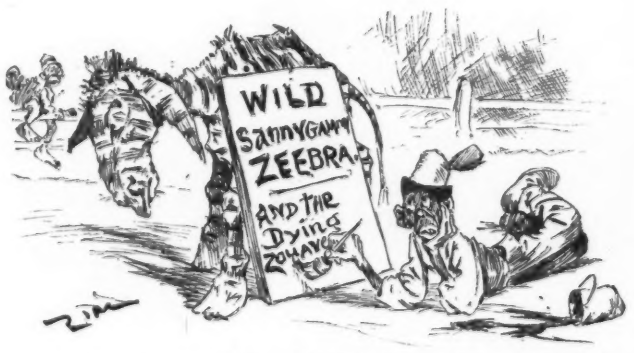
To light a lamp she oft will use
A fresh-receipted bill.
She is my own—my wedded wife,
And so I love her still.

This seemingly unchanging love
Deride you may, until
I say she always, *always* talks,
That's why I love her still.

LUCIUS H. WASHBURN.



("Rip! smash!! bang!!!")



——"Come on, chillern. Eberythin's free, 'cept my feelin's."

"Now, my friend, what will you do with all that money?" said an old gentleman to a tramp to whom he had given a nickel. *Tramp* (gazing at the coin)—"Well, I guess I'll go to the races and bet some of it. If I lose I reckon I'll spend the summer at Asbury park instead of going to Saratoga."—*Texas Siftings.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

"Lucy," he said, in the low, soft, persuasive voice of an early morning tramp taking a cold-victual census of a quiet neighborhood, "why should I not—ouch! blazes! gol-lee!" "You should have told me you were coming this evening, Harry," she said reproachfully. "Those pins in my belt were for George."—*Chicago Tribune.*

DECKER
BROTHERS
MATCHLESS
PIANOS
33 UNION SQUARE.
NEW YORK.

SAXI —10— CENTS PER PACKAGE.
An all-tobacco, Long Filler Cigarette, the most delicious and wholesome smoke ever offered for the money.
CONSOLIDATED CIGARETTE CO.
Ave. D and 10th St., New York.

JAMES M. BELL & CO.
Are Authorized by the Sunny Side Distilling Co. to be the only bottlers of PURE OLD "Sunny Side" ALL-RYE WHISKEY in the United States
OUR SIGNATURE APPEARS ON EVERY BOTTLE.
The Sunnyside Distg Co.

ESTABLISHED 1846.
Gentlemen's Hats
Universally acknowledged the BEST that can be made, Irrespective of Price. Illustrated circular, prices, etc., mailed free on application.
N. ESPENSCHEID,
Salesroom, 118 Nassau St.,
NEW YORK.
NEW YORK. Agencies throughout the United States.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS
Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists,
Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.
SOHMER & CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street; KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Nefer borrow to-day v'at you can shteal yesterday.

Der race-course of sin und wice don'd vas be pooty smoothness.

Vhen your morals vas heldy, dot shplit coat und pandyloons vas lookin' so nice like an angel's nite-gowns.

Der brilliant satisfactions to der hooman mind vas oney to been found out in goodness und a wirtuous life.

You can get yoost so much religion in der pehind pew of a church-house as you can find in der front seats mit oopholshtered pray-books.

Der feller dot don'd get der ambitions to vork for a lifin' he got not much pishness to allow some goot t'ings of dis life to got his shirt-collar dhroo.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

MEDITATIONS IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

Oh, keen-eyed youths from college home,
Who sit in church behind me;
I wonder if you see on me
Aught I had not designed me.
I wonder if my collar 's straight,
And if my air is pleasing,
And what you'd think if I should have
An awful fit of sneezing.
I wonder if my hair is smooth,
And if my hat 's becoming;
I wonder what you're thinking of,
And if my charms you're summing.
I wonder if you like my gloves,
If my whole style is tasteful;
And when I kneel, I wonder if
You think my kneeling graceful.
I dare not sing the hymns out loud
For fear that you might hear me;
For fear that you, when walking home,
Might speak of it and jeer me.
I'm longing for the time to come
When you go back to college,
When I can go to church without
That scrutiny of knowledge.
And when that happy time comes round,
Oh, more devout 'twill find me,
For I can better say my prayers
Without those eyes behind me.
—*M. C. in Buffalo Express.*

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by far the best and finest Stomach Bitters made, whether taken pure or with wines or liquors AND OTHER CORDIALS.

The difference between men's and women's ways is nowhere shown so plainly as in trouble. Where woman gives way to a flood of tears man proceeds to put up a few small dams.—*Terre Haute Express.*

Oh, lead our pens in novel ways,
Excuse our past offenses;
We pray thee give us something new,
There's whiskers on the census.
—*Washington Star.*

THE NEW HOLLENDEN, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the most magnificent hotel in the west. American and European plans.

Thare iz az mutch difference in takt az thare iz in the strength of gunpowder; sum kinds ov takt lokate their bullets not only right between the eyes, but deep in the meat, while other kinds hit everything but the centre, and glance oph at that.—*Josh Billings.*

'What is this original-package business?" she asked. "What does it mean?" "Well," he began explaining, "we'll say you are one hundred and twenty pounds of honey in a silk and gold and diamond-mounted case. Well, so long as you are in the original wrapper," he continued, wrapping his arms about her, "you"—"I see now," she interrupted, "but I can't understand how you are the original wrapper."—*Hamilton Spectator.*

SKIN DISEASES Piles, Pimples, Granulated Eyelids Permanently Cured by COLLIVER'S HERMIT SALVE. 50 Cents Box. 168 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

"We are a little late this week," explains a Georgia editor. "We loaned our scissors to the barber to cut a friend's hair, and both barber and scissors have been missing since Monday. Hence the delay."

"You needn't talk about keeping one's word," said a husband to his wife during a slight misunderstanding; "when I first asked you to marry me you declared that you wouldn't marry the best man in the world." "Well, I didn't," snapped the wife.—*New York Sun.*

"Throw physic to the dogs," and use Angostura Bitters for good digestion and a healthy appetite. Sole M'f'rs, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

A pretty girl with a horrid cold
Spoke to a horrid man
And said "A cold's a horrid thing,"
And then to cough began—
"Sometimes I think—in fact I fear"—
This said between each cough—
"That by this horrid cold some day
I will be carried off."
The horrid man then told anew
The story that is old—
"I wish," said he, "that I might be
That horrid, horrid cold."
—*Whiteside Herald.*

THE KAISER'S FAVORITE
Champagne is "Cabinet Sekt," of Kloss & Foerster, Freyburg. Thomsen & Co., 87 Wall st., sole agents.

"Fellow-citizens!" thundered the impassioned orator, bringing his fist down hard on the table, "what, I ask again, is our country coming to? And echo answers 'What?'" "Pardon me, sir," interposed a mild-looking man in the audience, rising to his feet; "did I understand your question to be, 'What is our country coming to?'" "Yes, sir." "And you say echo answers 'What?'" "That is what I said, sir." "Then there's something wrong with the acoustics of this building," said the mild-looking man, shaking his head in a perplexed way and sitting down again.—*Chicago Tribune.*

IN CAMP
At home, abroad, tramping, yachting, canoeing, hunting or fishing,
Armour's Beef Extract,
Is Indispensable.
Requires only the addition of boiling water to make delicious Bouillon. Refreshing and strengthening.
Takes the place of fresh meat and other "Stock" in Soup making. Is cheaper and more convenient.
ARMOUR & CO. Chicago, Sole Manufacturers.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

WRIGHT & DITSON,
LARGEST MAKERS OF
FINE LAWN TENNIS GOODS
IN THE WORLD.

OUR SPECIALTIES.
CHAMPIONSHIP BALL.
Adopted by every association of note in the UNITED STATES and CANADA. RACKETS: SEARS' SPECIAL, "CHASE," "PETTITT," "CLUB," "LONGWOOD," "PARK," "HUB," "SURPRISE," and "STAR."
WRIGHT & DITSON'S OFFICIAL LAWN TENNIS GUIDE, Containing Rules, Photographs of Players, Articles on the Game, etc. By Mail, 15 Cents.
(Send for Catalogue.) 580 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities.
B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

C. F. MILBURN, THE GREAT WAGON-MAKER OF TOLEDO, OHIO,
Recommends BRADYCROTINE
AS CERTAIN TO CURE HEADACHE.

THE LATEST AND BEST

SHANDON BELLS PERFUME

DELICATE, DELIGHTFUL, LASTING AND ECONOMICAL.

Its fragrance is that of the opening buds of Spring. Once used you will have no other.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

FACIAL BLEMISHES.

The largest establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Vein, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pittings, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, Hollow or Sunken Cheeks, etc. Consultation free at office or by letter. 128 page book on all skin and scalp affections and their treatment, sent sealed to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,
125 W. 42d St., New York City.
FACIAL SOAP, at Druggists or by mail, 50 Cents.

SOLID GOLD SPECTACLES $3.50

Eye-Glasses same price. Set with our celebrated "DIAMANTA" lenses, usual price $5.00. Upon receipt of $3.50, we will send a pair of our Solid Gold Spectacles or Eye-Glasses. Send us your old glasses by mail, we'll take your exact size from them and return them with the new ones. Upon request we will send you a mailing-box so you can safely mail us your old glasses. If your old glasses don't suit, or if you have never worn glasses, we will furnish free a measure for testing your eyesight exactly. This method of fitting eyes never fails. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. If this offer for a limited time only. It is intended solely to introduce the goods for our wholesale trade.

M. ZINEMAN & BRO., Opticians, 136 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sole Manufacturers.

"Dashaway"

CAW'S "Dashaway" PEN,

A DOUBLE-FEED FOUNTAIN PEN That Never Fails.

CAW'S Black Fluid INK,

WRITES BLACK, STAYS BLACK. Does Not Corrode Pens.

CAW'S "STYLOGRAPHIC" PEN.

Simplest, Cheapest and Best. A Perfect Substitute for Pen, Pencil and Ink-stand.

Inquire of any stationer, or send for particulars to

CAW'S INK AND PEN CO.,
104 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BLANK BOOKS. A large assortment kept in stock, and books of every description made to order. Estimates cheerfully furnished. FINDLER & WIBEL, Stationers, 146 Nassau Street, New York.

PROF. S. V. R. FORD,
DISCOVERER OF
"HOPE FOR THE BALD."—(Trade-Mark.)
Pamphlet of Information and Testimonials mailed on receipt of stamp.
Address S. V. R. FORD,
[Mention this paper.] Albany, N. Y.

HAPPINESS ASSURED.

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind, bleeding, and itching piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 per box.

WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Prop'r,
Cleveland, O.

PHILOPENA.

In playful mood he placed his black straw hat
On top of Madge's curly, bronze-brown hair,
And thought in all his life he'd never seen
A maiden half so ravishingly fair.

Her blue eyes sparkling in a roguish way,
Her dimpled cheeks just red enough to show
The cherry ripeness of her luscious lips,
Just fetched him, and of course he wasn't slow

To seize the opportunity, likewise
The half-resisting Madge, and plant a kiss
Or two, or more, just where they'd do most good.
His aim was true—he never made a miss.

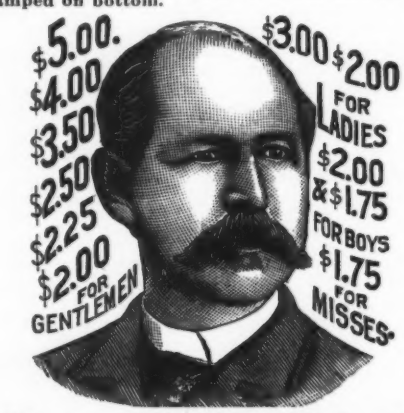
He thought she might be angry, but his fears
All vanished as he reached the hall-door mat.
She said, "Next time you come be sure to wear
That tricky, mean, old, lovely black straw hat."
—*New York Herald.*

Genius iz like a hop vine; it will run and spread enny how and hav a whole lot ov haff wild hops on it; but tew be a good krop it must be poled and cut back and suckered.—*Josh Billings.*

Of all the tortures known to man
The greatest, we assert,
Is to wear a fifteen collar
Upon a sixteen shirt.
—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

When the free breezes of heaven waft over your fields of promising grain, along which the dimples of its gladsome laughter chase one another in quick succession, as stem after stem bows its bounty-laden head in giving assent to the promise of a good harvest, remember those whose constant and unremitting duty it is to record the incidents of life in the surroundings.—*Parkhill (Ont.) Review.*

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom.



W. L. DOUGLAS

$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress Shoe which commends itself.

$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf Shoe unequalled for style and durability.

$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress Shoe, at a popular price.

$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

$3 & $2 SHOES FOR LADIES,

have been most favorably received since introduced.

Ask your Dealer, and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertised price, or a postal for order blanks.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

LADIES WHO want perfect complexion and soft white skin, and positive cure for sunburn—will keep skin from peeling—can receive a *sample* of a perfectly harmless preparation, guaranteed to produce such result, by inclosing name and address with six two-cent stamps to Cooper's Pharmacy, Kingston, N. Y.

FULL NIGHT'S REST.

PROVIDENCE LINE between NEW YORK AND BOSTON,

PROVIDENCE, WORCESTER, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

STEAMERS CONNECTICUT and MASSACHUSETTS leave New York from Pier 29, N. R., foot of Warren street, at 5:30 p. m.; arriving at Providence at 6 a. m.; Boston, 7:15 a. m.; Worcester, 8 a. m. Staterooms secured by telephone, CORTLAND 3828.

W. R. BABCOCK, Asst. G. P. A. O. H. BRIGGS, G. P. A.

"The cruiser Philadelphia made nineteen knots an hour. By the way, parson, what is your best time?" The Chicago minister thought a moment. "My best, I think, was sixteen. But then three of them had never been married before, and of course their inexperience caused some little delay."—*Philadelphia Times.*

SANITAS
Non-Poisonous
Disinfectants

E. H. SPOONER, M. D., writes:
"Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 24, 1886.—I received the case of samples you so kindly sent me in November, and after a careful trial I am satisfied of their efficiency as disinfectants, and can cordially recommend them for general use."

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

For reports by Medical and Chemical Experts, prices in bulk, etc., apply to the
FACTORY, 636-642 West 55th Street, New York.

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EXTRACT OF BEEF.

For improved and economic cookery, use it for **Soups, Sauces,** and **Made Dishes.** In flavor—*incomparable,* and dissolves perfectly clear in water. Makes delicious Beef Tea and *keeps in all climates* for any length of time. 1 lb. equal to 40 lbs. of lean beef. Only sort guaranteed genuine by Justus von Liebig and bears his signature in blue, thus:

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OPIUM Wonderful Discovery. Painless and Secret Cure at Home. Thousands of References. Book (sealed) FREE. Dr. KANE, 174 Fulton St., New York.

WEST SHORE RAILROAD.

(N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Co., Lessee.)

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE TRAVEL.

"SUMMER EXCURSIONS," a handsomely illustrated book, giving description of the Hudson River, Catskill Mountains, Saratoga and other New York State resorts, will be mailed on receipt of five cents postage.

"SUBURBAN HOMES," in the vicinity of New York. Every head of a family should own a home. The garden spot for suburban residence is on the line of the West Shore Railroad, and what is more, building plots are for sale at reasonable prices. "Suburban Homes," issued by the West Shore, gives full information and names of parties who have land for sale. Copy will be mailed on receipt of two cents postage.

For tourist books, time-tables and information regarding West Shore Railroad, call on or address H. B. JAGOE, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 363 Broadway, or C. E. LAMBERT, General Passenger Agent, 5 Vanderbilt Ave., New York.

ELK, Moose, Buffalo, Sheep, Deer and Antelope Heads, Entire Animals, Snowy Owls, Eagles, "Dead Game," Wild Bird Fire Screens, Fur Rugs, Sioux Relics. Send stamp for Photos and List. J. D. ALLEN, Taxidermist, MANDAN, N. D.

The thermometer is no mason, but it takes some very high degrees.—*Dansville Breeze.*

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING!!
Sold by GROCERS, DRUGGISTS, and WINE TRADE everywhere.

A Toilet Gem — **WRIGHT'S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.**
Gives Pearly White Teeth, Ruby Gums, Pure Breath. Cooling and Refreshing. 25c. Send for book "Care of Teeth" free. Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form

WEAK MEN AND WOMEN, any ailment whatever, should send for a copy of the *Health Helper*, free, to DR. JOHN H. DYE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
CHANCE FOR ALL
To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea.
A Trial Order of 3½ lbs. of Fine Tea, either Oolong, Japan, Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Mixed, English Breakfast, Sun-Sun Chop, or an assortment, sent by mail on receipt of $2.00. Be particular and state what kind of Tea you want. Greatest inducements ever offered to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. Address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York.

Where Shall We Pass the Summer?

Those who are considering a vacation during the coming Summer will find much information of interest in the new publications of the Passenger Department of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, entitled

"Health and Pleasure on America's Greatest Railroad,"
—AND—
"Summer Homes on the Harlem."

Copies of either will be mailed to any address on receipt of Fourteen Cents postage, by the General Passenger Agent.
Address **M. C. ROACH,** Gen'l East. Passenger Agent, 413 Broadway, New York.
GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent,
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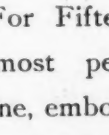
GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK.

ASTHMA CURED FREE.
A SAMPLE bottle of **BRONCHOLINE** will be sent *free* on application to D. H. FONDA DRUG Co., State St., Albany, N. Y. Broncholine cures *asthma and hay-fever*. Ask your druggist for it. Large bottles sent to any address for $1, or six for $5. Send for *free* sample bottle and testimonials.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

DEAF NESS and HEAD NOISES Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, self-adjusting. *Successful when all remedies fail.* Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th Street, New York. Call or write for illustrated book of proofs FREE. Mention this paper.


About the only conviction possible of boodlers in New York is the reasonable one that in future there is no need to leave the city—they can stay where they are and silently steal away at the same time —*Baltimore American.*

What the New York *Sun* calls "the hollow phrases of his busy pen," in a sarcastic reference to Mr. Cleveland, might be equally well described as the busy phrases of his hollow pen, or the hollow business of his phrasing pen, or the phrasing hollowness of his busy penning.—*Syracuse Standard.*

Miss Angela Sillibilly (fresh from the city)—"Oh! oh! Just look at those dear little cows." *Brutal rustic*—"Ah, them ain't cows; them's calves." *Miss Angela Sillybilly*—"Indeed! How awfully nice. And can't we all go out and remove the jelly from their feet before it spoils?"—*American Grocer.*

Cholly—"Fweddy, old boy, what's this I heah? Have you weally and twuly been sued by a nahsty bahbah foh a shaving bill?" *Fweddy*—"Don't you fwet, ole chappie. A lot of beastly cads, you know, say I cawn't waise a beahd. Bah Jove, they've got to take it back now!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Got up in de mawnin',
Dew was on de grass;
Saw a big, fat melon—
Couldn't let it pass.
Carve it, carve it, carve it to de core,
If ever you git one good slice you're bound to ax for more. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

T. NAST AND E. T., V. & G. RY.

A Cartoon That Takes the Palm for Originality.

The East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia railway has just issued a remarkable cartoon in the interest of that system. It is the work of the world-famous cartoonist, Thomas Nast. It represents Mr. B. W. Wrenn, the general passenger agent, standing on a rostrum, with arm extended, expostulating upon the advantages of the system, of which he is one of the most efficient executive officers. A map is displayed—a marvel of accurate and clear reduction—showing the combination of lines that connect New York, Cincinnati, Memphis, New Orleans and St. Augustine. The audience in the foreground listening to Mr. Wrenn, is made up of persons of all the nations of the earth. Incidental to the general sketch are representatives, actual and symbolic, of the varied character and wondrous resources of the country through which the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia railway runs. The spirit of southern progress enlivens the sketch, and the confraternity of the sections eloquently suggested. Mr. Wrenn is entitled to the credit of having brilliantly developed a novel idea in railroad advertisement, and Mr. Nast appears in it at his very best.—*Memphis Appeal, May* 25, 1890.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN TO SELL THE
TROJAN 5c. CIGAR.
Big sellers. FITZPATRICK & DRAPER, M'frs., TROY, N. Y.

New VINEYARD. BICYCLES
All Steel, rubber tire
High grade,—cowhorn bars, spade handles, Kirkpatrick saddle; Warranted one year.
50-in. worth $55, for $32 | 44-in. worth $40, for $22
48-in. worth $50, for $27 | 42-in. worth $35, for $20
46-in. worth $45, for $25 | 38-in. worth $30, for $17
CATA. FREE.
Tangent spokes $1 extra. Easy payments. Agts. wanted
HOUSE, HAZARD & CO., 91 G Street, Peoria, Ill.

HENRY LINDENMEYR,
PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 15 and 17 BEEKMAN STREET.
BRANCH, 81, 83, 85 & 87 E. HOUSTON ST., } NEW YORK.

A floating fashion note declares that Jay Gould wears no jewelry excepting a gold collar-button. What an anxious public now wants to know is whether he wears the new dude sash.—*Troy Times.*

PHOTOGRAPHY DONE QUICKLY.
The P. D. Q. CAMERA.
The Latest Improvement in Detective Cameras.

Takes pictures 4x5 inches in size, either vertically or horizontally. Can be used either with our cut Films or Plates. Handsomely covered with Black Grained Leather, and fitted with fine Combination Instantaneous Achromatic Lens, with one Patent Double Dry Plate Holder and two Film Holders.
SEND STAMP FOR SAMPLE 4x5 OR 5x8 FILM AND CARRIER.
PRICE, COMPLETE, ONLY $20.00.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Man'f's.,
591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Forty-seven years established in this line of business.

"COLUMBIAS"
HIGHEST GRADE ONLY.
Catalogue Free.
POPE MFG. CO. BRANCH HOUSES: 12 Warren St., NEW YORK. 77 Franklin St., BOSTON. 291 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED $15 TYPEWRITER
Catalogue free. Address, Typewriter Department, POPE MFG. CO., Boston, New York, Chicago.

CORLISS BRAND C. & B. & Co. TRADE MARK — ASK FOR THE **CORLISS BRAND** LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS. CORRECT STYLES. BEST QUALITY. PERFECT FITTING

INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS. 75¢ PER CAN.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

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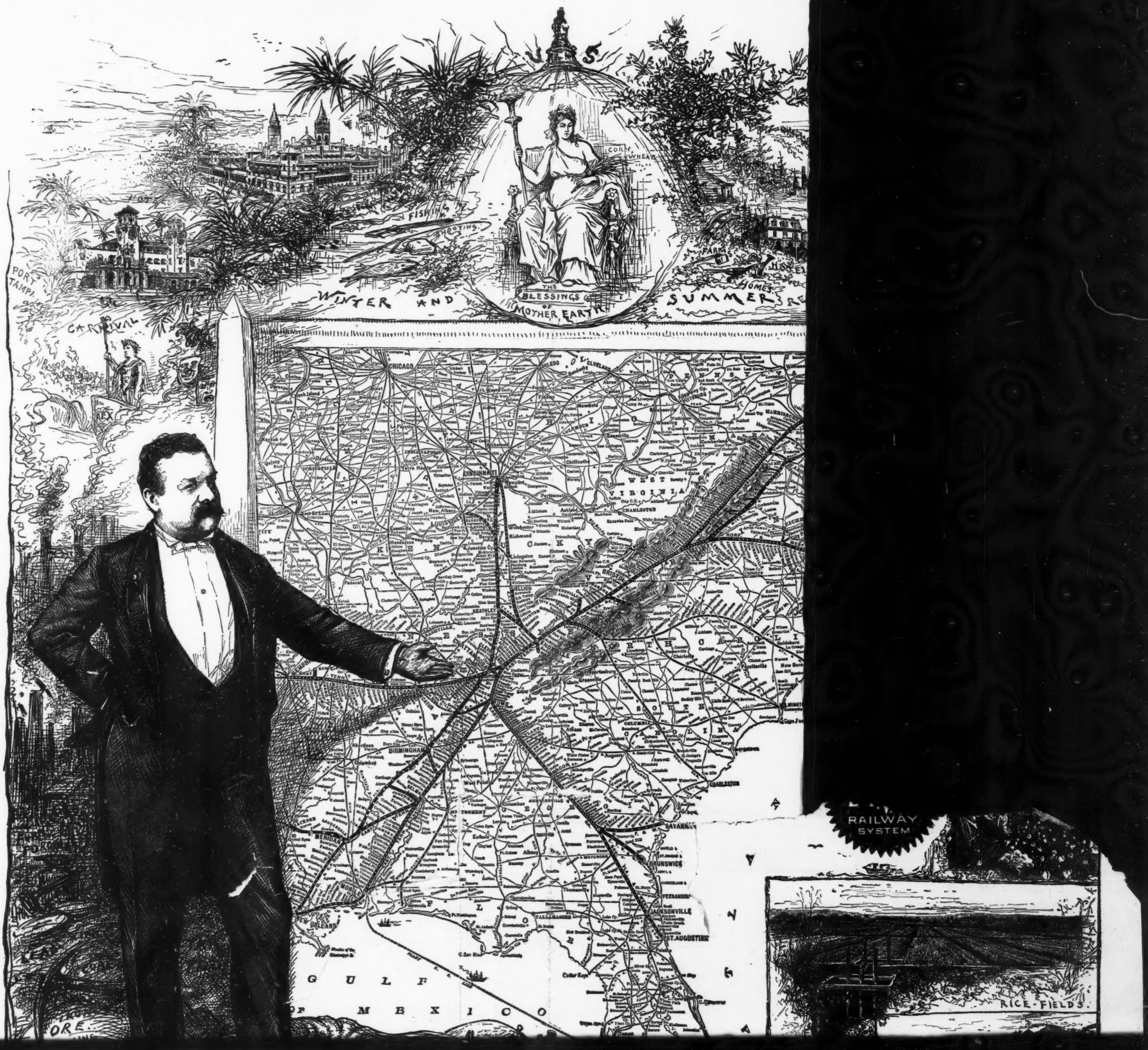
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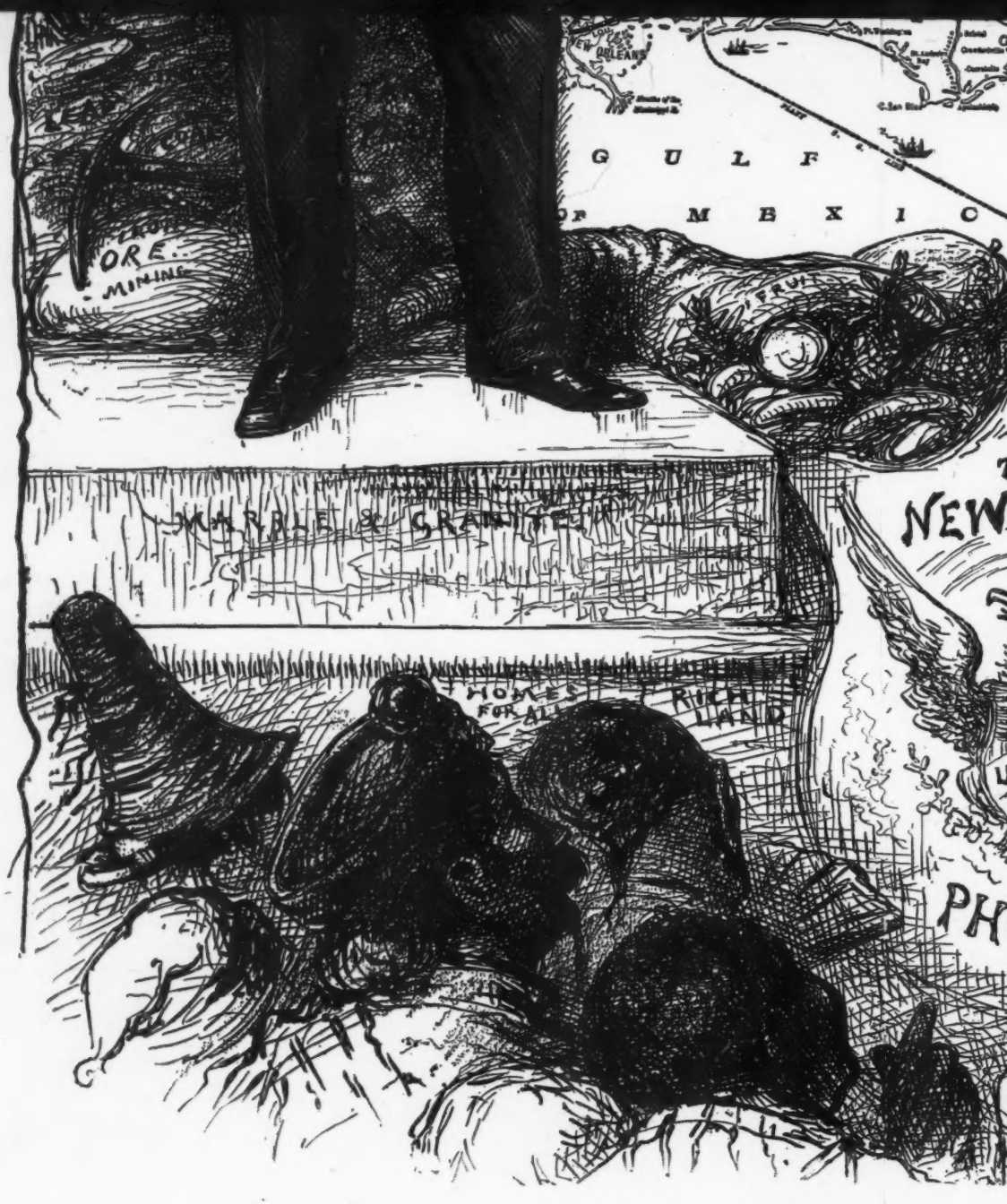

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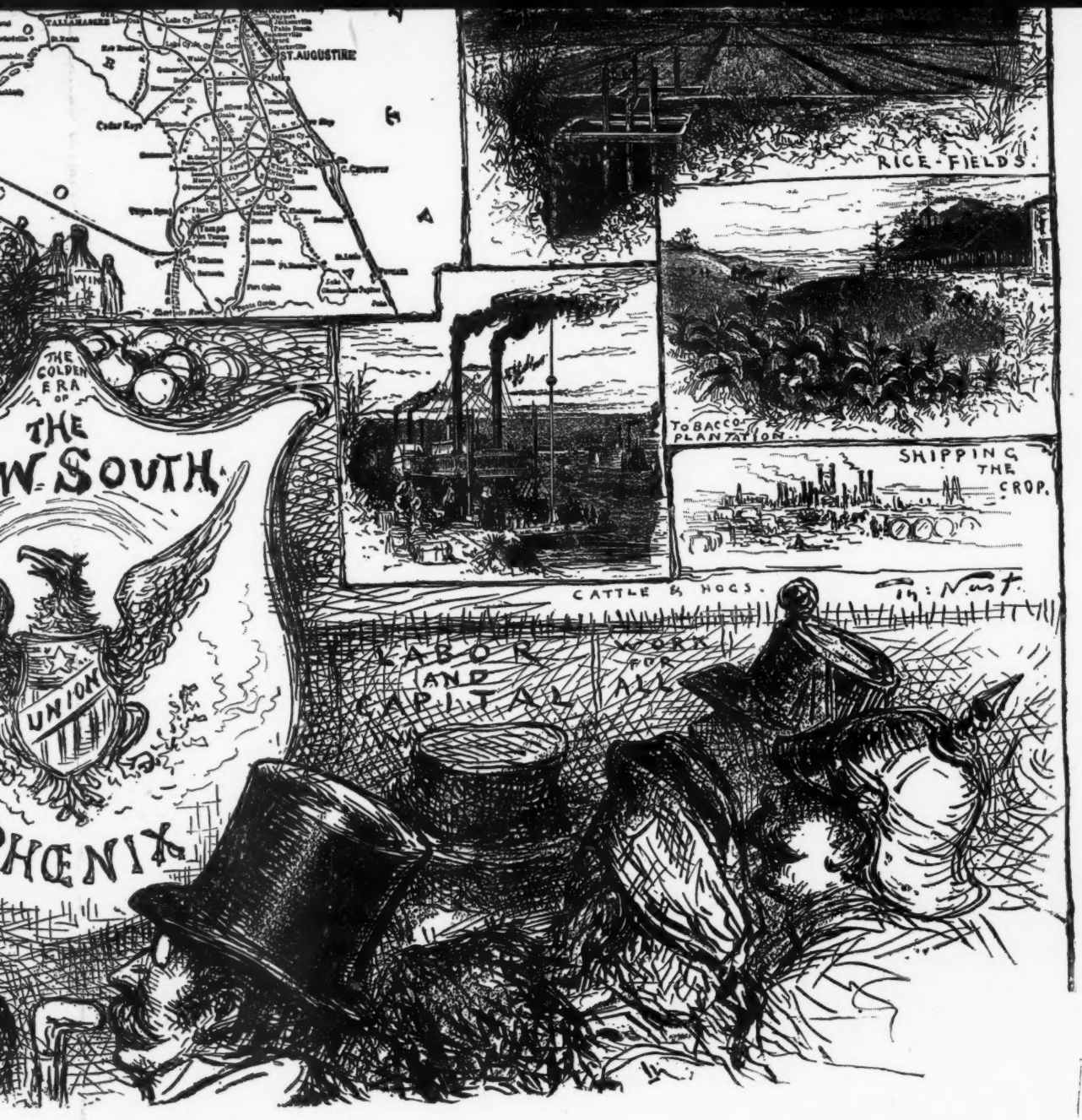
"Gentlemen, you are at this moment, standing on the gateway that leads to the South
smell the roses of new hope that fill the air. You can hear the heart-beats of progress that c
sun rains down with his beams as he takes his daily journey between the cotton field and the c
rice, of corn and kine; of wine, milk and honey."



ERA OF THE SOUTH.

outh. The wealth that is there, hidden no longer from human eyes, flashes in your very faces. You can hat come as upon the wings of heaven. You can reach forth your hand and almost clutch the gold that the the coal mine; the highlands of wood and iron, of marble and granite; the lowlands of tobacco, sugar and

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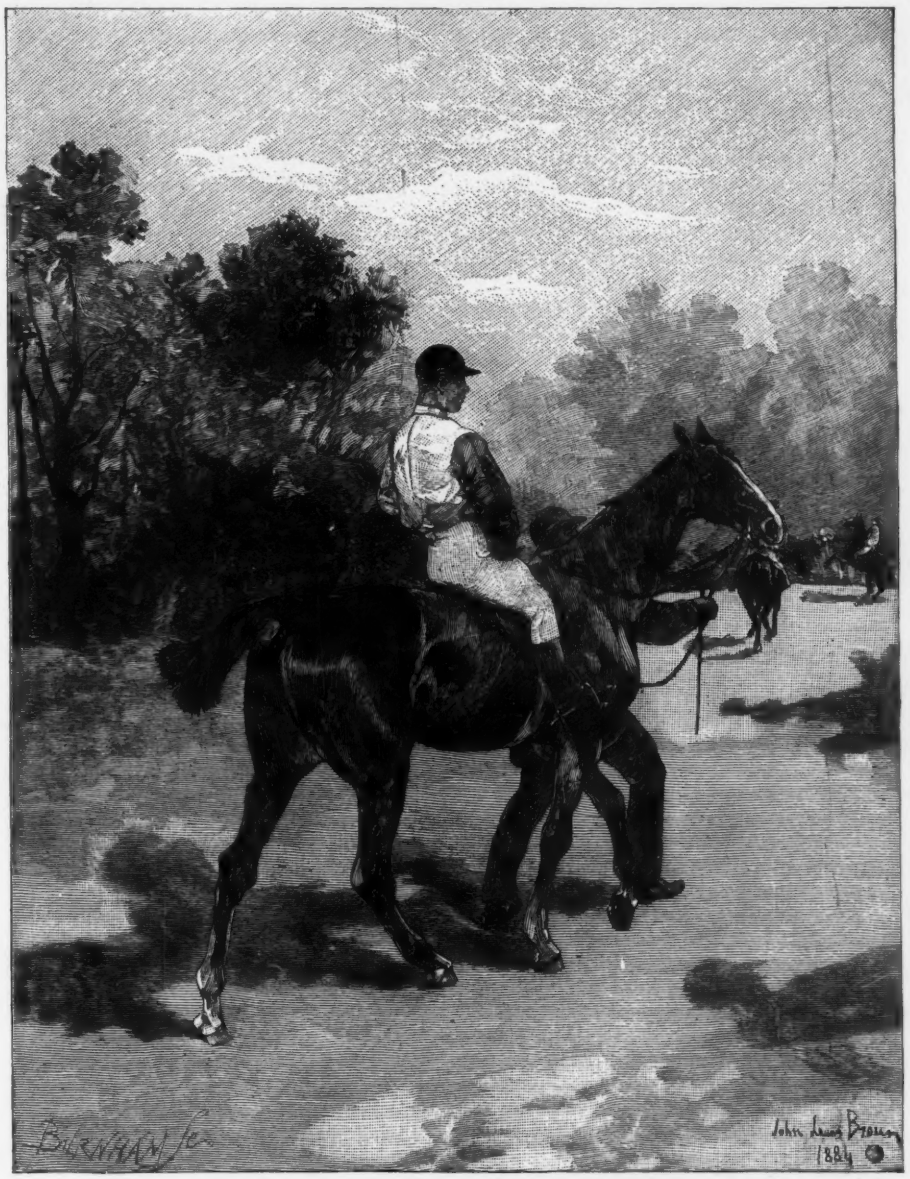

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16,
TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23,
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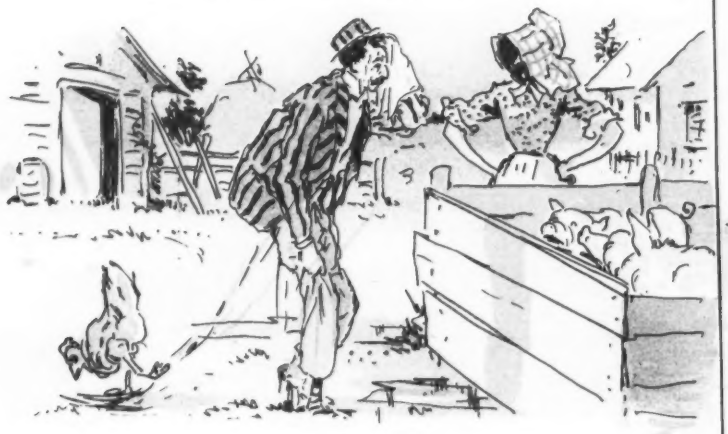
Judge

Tom Vanderpelt on an old hard bed fights the mosquitoes.

Jerusha—"If this ain't luxury I don't want a cousin."

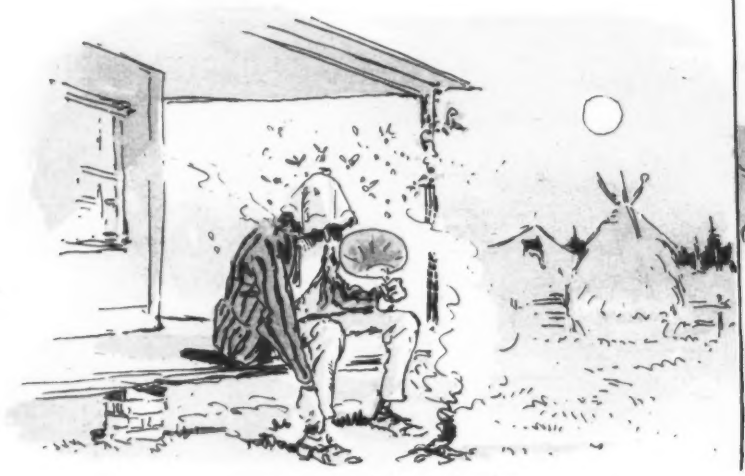
Noon. Tom studies simple country dinner.

Jerusha in clover.



Sightseeing on the farm.

Jerusha goes down the bay.



A pleasant evening at the old farm-house.

Jerusha asserts her pretty cousin to the touch.

FAIR EXCHANGE?

Tom Vanderpelt spends his vacation at his Uncle Japhet's, whilst his cousin Jerusha visits the Vanderpelts in the city.